MARVEL

"Shows off the artistry of storytelling."
- AIPT

ELEKTRA

BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

ELEKTRA
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

SLAIN

#1

"Red Dawn"
WRITER Charles Soule
PENCILER Mark Bagley
INKER John Dell
COLOR ARTIST Juan Fernandez

"Not the Devil"
WRITER/ARTIST Leonardo Romero

"The Crimson Path"
WRITER Declan Shalvey
ARTIST Simone D'Armini

#2

"Cut and Run"
WRITER Peter David
PENCILER Greg Land
INKER Jay Leisten
COLOR ARTIST Frank D'Armata

"Verité"
WRITER Al Ewing
ARTIST Rod Reis

"Yokai"
WRITER/ARTIST/COLOR ARTIST Greg Smallwood

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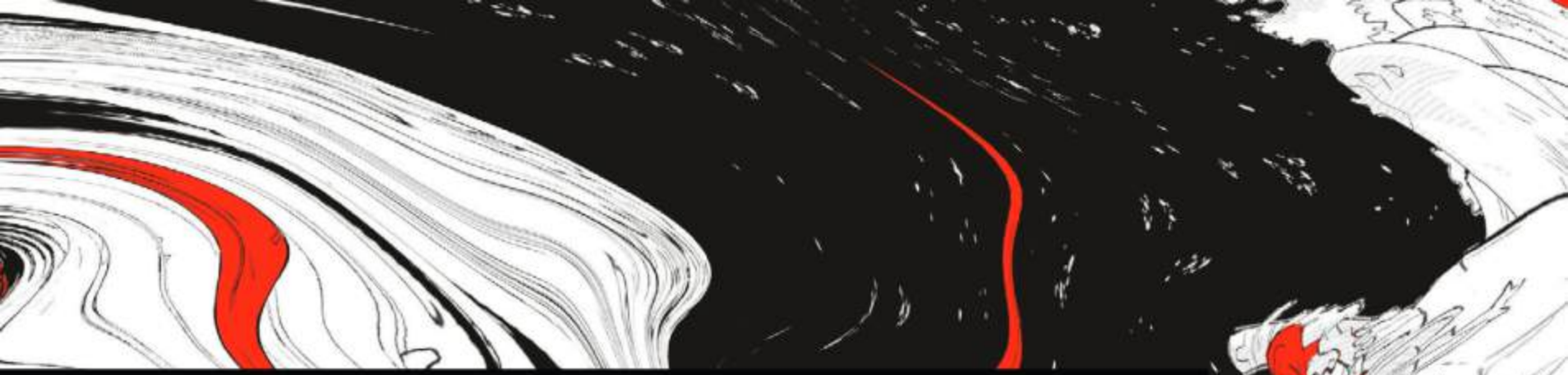


IKA

BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

#3

"Split"
WRITER Ann Nocenti
ARTIST Federico Sabbatini
COLOR ARTIST Mattia Iacono

"With a Passion"
WRITER/ARTIST/COLOR ARTIST Paul Azaceta

"Weapons of Choice"
WRITER David Pepose
ARTIST Danilo S. Beyruth
COLOR ARTIST Andres Mossa

#4

"Powers You Can't Comprehend"
WRITER Matthew Rosenberg
ARTIST Alberto Alburquerque
COLOR ARTIST Protobunker's Fer Sifuentes-Sujo

"Assassin"
STORYTELLER Peach Momoko
EDITOR Lindsey Cohick

"Rendezvous"
STORYTELLERS Kevin Eastman & Freddie E. Williams

LETTERER VC's Clayton Cowles
COVER ART John Romita Jr., John Dell & Richard Isanove (#1), Adam Hughes (#2), Paulo Siqueira & Mattia Iacono (#3) & Peach Momoko (#4)
EDITORS Tom Groneman & Devin Lewis

#1

IN THE TIME OF BLOOD AND FANG.

ENOUGH.

THAT'S ENOUGH.

DO NOT BE AFRAID, ELEKTRA.

SOON, YOU WILL DIE.

BUT THEN YOU WILL *LIVE.*

YOU WERE A GOOD MEAL. YOUR STRENGTH RUNS HOT IN MY VEINS.

YOU WILL SOON BE HUNGRY TOO, WHEN THE CHANGE IS COMPLETE.

WE WILL GO. WE WILL EAT... *TOGETHER.*

I WILL GUIDE YOU. YOU WILL FEEL MUCH BETTER.

IT'S TOO LATE.

AS YOU ARE IN US... WE ARE IN YOU. YOU ARE ONE OF US. FOREVER.

LEARN FROM US. MAKE YOUR PATH EASIER...

OH, ELEKTRA... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

...OR SUFFER ALONE.

AGGGH!

AAAII!

SHUUNK

URRK!

I AM NOT ALONE!

SHHK

THERE IS JOY IN THIS LIFE. GREAT JOY.

WE WOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU A HOME. NOW YOU ARE AN OUTCAST...

...IN BOTH WORLDS.

M-MAMA? IS THAT YOU?

IT'S ME. I JUST WANTED... I JUST WANTED TO SEE YOU.

GO BACK TO SLEEP.

COME FIND ME WHEN YOU WAKE UP.

FINAL DAILY BUGLE 25¢

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER

New York, Saturday, Nov 5, 1981

RANDOLPH CHERRYH SCANDAL

WHO ARE THE MOBSTERS SUPPOSEDLY INVOLVED WITH HIS CAMPAIGN?

NELSON AND MURDOCK TO REPRESENT KEY WITNESS

"IN CONCLUSION, THE INVESTIGATION INDICATES THAT ALL THE VICTIMS' WOUNDS WERE INFLICTED BY OTHER VICTIMS PRESENT AT THE CRIME SCENE AFTER VIOLENCE BROKE OUT FOLLOWING A DISPUTE OVER PROFITS FROM HEROIN SALES. NO TRACE OF EVIDENCE INDICATES THE PRESENCE OR ACTION OF SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE CRIME SCENE."

DAMN! THIS IS A GREAT REPORT, ROB.

THANKS, MAN.

BUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

I MEAN, I DON'T THINK THEY HAD A FIGHT WITHOUT LEAVING THE TABLE.

THEY WERE INVOLVED WITH RANDOLPH, SO...

RIGHT. THE BOSS.

YEAH. AND YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY DIED WITHOUT TOUCHING THEIR GUNS.

THE MURDERER REALLY KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING. DIDN'T LEAVE ANY TRACE. MADE MY JOB EASIER.

IT WAS THE SAME THING AT RICCI'S HOUSE LAST WEEK...

...ALL STABBED. WITH NO EVIDENCE.

ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT THEY WERE IN A LARGER GROUP, SO THEY AT LEAST PUT UP A FIGHT.

DIDN'T CHANGE THE OUTCOME THOUGH. THE KILLER WAS UNSTOPPABLE.

I SEE... IS THAT AMAZEMENT IN YOUR VOICE?

OR FEAR?

FEAR? HEH. NO.

TERROR.

THESE GUYS ALL WORKED FOR THE KINGPIN, JUST LIKE US. DON'T THIS SCARE THE **** OUT OF YOU?

IT DOES...BUT IF THIS CRIME SCENE TELLS US ANYTHING, ROB, IT'S THAT IF YOU BECOME WORTHLESS TO THE KINGPIN...

...CHANCES ARE ***YOUR FACE*** IS MAKING THE PAPERS EITHER WAY.

AND I'M PRETTY SURE ***OUR*** FACES WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE IT INTO THE OBITUARIES...

COUPLE COPS ON THE TAKE? WE'D BE ON THE ***FRONT PAGE.***

THAT'S WHY I'D RATHER ***STAY USEFUL.*** I'M SURE THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY FOR US TO DO UNTIL ***THESE*** PORTRAITS ARE ALL SCRATCHED FROM THE NEWS. DON'T YOU THINK?

YEAH...

YOU'RE RIGHT.

WHO DO YOU THINK IS GOING TO BE NEXT?

Shigeru Ono

"NO IDEA."

"WANNA BET?"

GET INTO THE CAR, SIR. WE NEED TO MOVE.

TIME TO GO!

YOU TWO, GET INTO THE LEAD CAR.

YES, SIR!

DON'T EXPECT REINFORCEMENTS. WE'RE ALONE NOW AND HAVE LOST OUR PRIVILEGES IN THIS CITY. BE SMART AND WARY OUT

"TRY TO AVOID THE MAIN STREETS.

"WE NEED TO LEAVE NEW YORK AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE.

Expressway To Lincoln Tunnel TURN LEFT

JANSON ST.

"UNTIL WE DO, DON'T STOP DRIVING FOR ***NO REASON.***

"THERE ARE WORSE THINGS IN THIS CITY THAN THE DEVIL OF HELL'S KITCHEN."

BLAM

WHAT WAS THAT?!

FWOOP

GAH!

GOD!

KRASH

DRIVE, KID! I'LL GO UP THE--

SLASH

OH GOD! OH GOD! OH G--!

THUNK

SWOOSH
FWIIIIIIIIISH
NOT THE DEVIL
BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

BANG BANG

STOP SHOOTING!

GOTCHA!

FWOOSH

HH

AAARGH!

CRUNK SHH

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU DO WITHOUT YOUR KATAN--

VROOOOOOOOOM

BLAM

HUNF!

BANG BANG BANG

GAHK!

CHAK

NO!

SWISHH

THUK

KRR HOOSH

SCREEEEEEEEE!!!

VROOOOOOOOOOO

CLICK

OOOOOM

PLEASE DON'T HURT HER! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING JUST PLEASE DON'T HURT MY LITTLE GIRL!

KyAAAH!

BAM

UNGH!

ARGH!

TWOOSH

VROOOM

SHE'S STILL ALIVE! SHOOT HER!

I... I--

...

GRAM

"I WAN'T TO STAY HERE WITH MY FATHER!"

"THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE."

KRAKABOOM

MY FATHER SAW WHAT HAPPENED. SHE COULDN'T HIT ME.

I WANT TO STAY AND FIGHT!

DON'T BE STUPID! GET IN THE CAR WITH KUMIKO AND WE'LL MEET LATER.

DAD!

SHE'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. THE DEMON FROZE WHEN IT SAW HER. COULDN'T KILL US...

IT WON'T MISS AGAIN. WE NEED TO ACT CAREFULLY IF WE WANT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE. ONCE WE'RE SAFE, WE CAN THINK OF WAYS TO FIGHT BACK.

I'M GOING TO CHECK IF THE PLANE'S CLEAR FOR TAKEOFF. UNTIL I COME BACK, HOLD THIS AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

KRUNK

NO...

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

SLASH

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

THUK

NNGH.

R-RUN, SHIGERU!

BANG BANG BANG BANG

CRASH

CHAK

UGH...

NO... DON'T DO THIS.

BANG BANG BANG

CLICK

PTCHING
PTCHING
PTCHING

NO!
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
NO!
NO!
STOP!

NO!

THUNK

AAAAAAAH!

SLAM

THEY WERE WRONG ABOUT YOU...

YOU'RE NOT A DEMON!

NO.

I DON'T SUPPOSE I AM...

The End.

WE ARE ALL BORN INTO THIS WORLD.

HELPLESS BABES, PURE BEINGS, UNTAINTED BY THIS STRANGE NEW PLACE WE HAVE BEEN DELIVERED UNTO.

THIS VIRGINIAL EXISTENCE CANNOT LAST FOREVER.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO LIVE IN THIS WORLD AND STAY CLEAN FOREVER.

MOST STAY AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN.

SOME OF US DO NOT.

YOU CAN CHOOSE TO STAY HELPLESS, OR CHOOSE TO GET *DIRTY*.

AAAAHHH! HELLLLP!

PLEASE, NO!

AGH!

SOME OF US CHOOSE TO GET DIRTY.

TO KEEP THE REST OF YOU CLEAN.

YOU NEED A WARRIOR. A PROTECTOR.

AN ASSASSIN.

NOBLE WARRIOR, PLEASE HELP ME! MONSTERS ARE AFTER ME.

I NEED TO GET HOME, TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN... I'LL BE SAFE THERE.

THEN YOU MUST RUN, CHILD. THAT WAS MERELY A SCOUT.

FAR MORE ARE COMING FOR YOU.

NO MONSTERS SHALL PASS MY STEEL.

A CURIOUS THING ABOUT EVIL...

IT IS INSIDIOUS.

BACK, DEMON!

IT CLIMBS UP YOUR LIMBS.

NO!

CUTS INSIDE.

NO!

GETS INTO YOUR BONES.

WRAPS AROUND YOU.

WEIGHING YOU DOWN.

IT IS A LOAD THAT GETS HEAVIER.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH ONE TRIES TO UNBURDEN THEMSELVES.

KEEP RUNNING, CHILD!

THE ONLY REPRIEVE FROM SUCH A FATE...

IS DEATH...

I'VE DIED SO MANY TIMES, WHAT'S ONE MORE...?

WE ALL WALK THE CRIMSON PATH.

FOR SOME, THE PATH IS A RIVER YOU MUST SWIM THROUGH.

WHO GETS TO THE OTHER SIDE, UNSTAINED?

WHEN YOU BATHE IN BLOOD, HOW CAN YOU WASH YOURSELF CLEAN?

LIFE AND ITS HORRORS HAVE FORGED MY PATH.

THEY HAVE TEMPERED ME INTO THE WEAPON I HAVE BECOME.

A WEAPON THAT MANY HAVE TRIED TO CONTROL.

ALL MY LIFE, THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED TO CLAIM ME.

THEY WANTED TO CONTROL THAT WHICH THEY COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.

SOME WERE EVIL.

SOME WERE GOOD.

ONE, I WILLINGLY OFFERED MYSELF TO.

BUT NONE COULD EVER KEEP ME.

I MAY BE A WEAPON, BUT I AM NO ONE'S TOOL.

IT IS TIME.

YOU HAVE SAVED ME, WARRIOR.

YOU HAVE SAVED YOURSELF

"YOU HAVE GUIDED THIS SOUL--OUR SOUL--ALONG THE CRIMSON PATH.

"GUIDING IT BACK TOWARD THE HEAVENS..."

MY BURDEN HAS BEEN LIFTED. YOU HAVE CARRIED IT FOR ME, AND I THANK YOU.

IT'S A BURDEN I HAVE CARRIED MANY TIMES.

TELL ME-- WHO ARE YOU, CHILD...?

I AM THE IMMORTAL ASSASSIN, ON HER JOURNEY'S END...

...YOU ARE THE INSTRUMENT THAT HAS DELIVERED IT SAFELY...

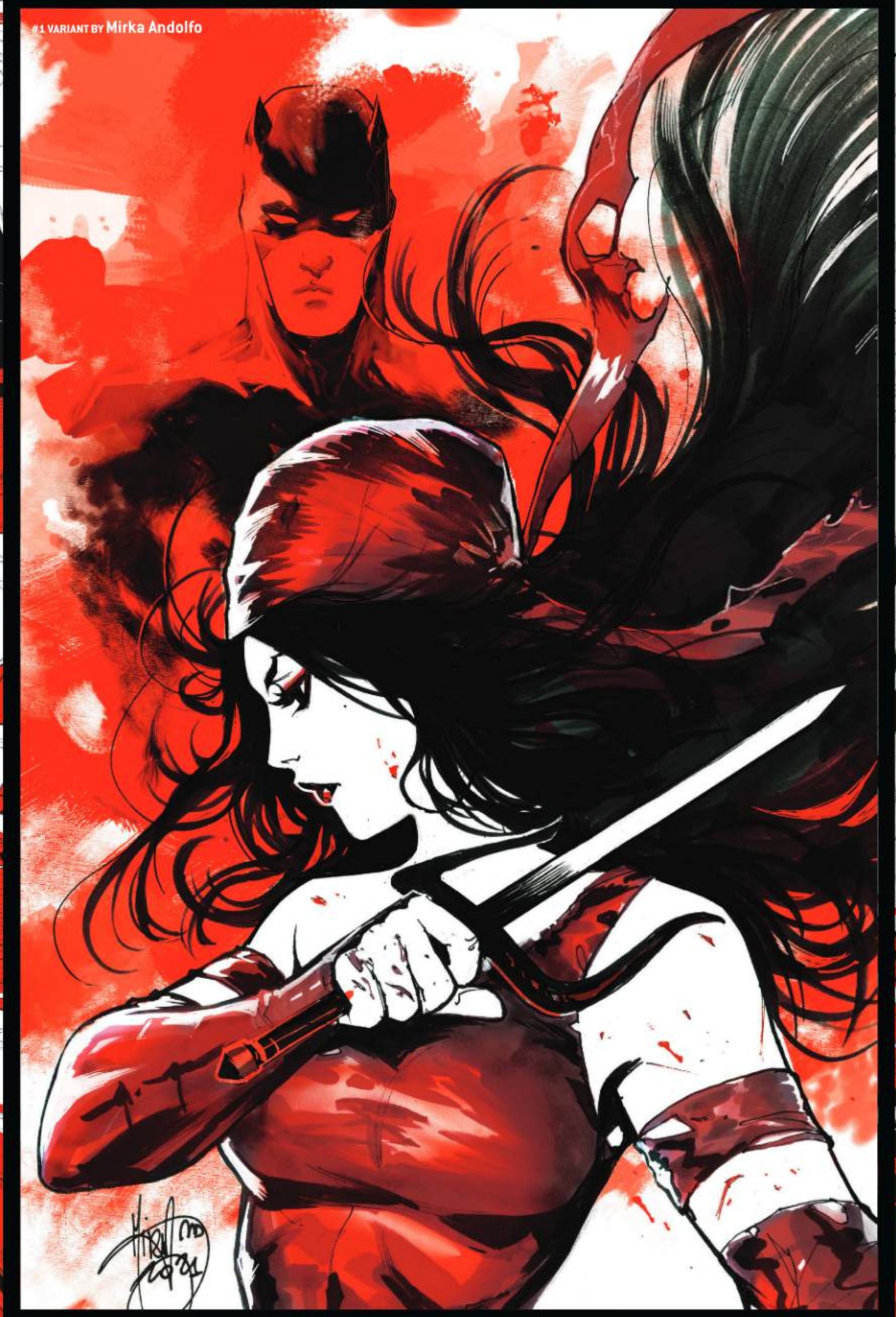
...YOU HAVE GUIDED THIS SOUL--OUR SOUL--ALONG THE CRIMSON PATH...

...AND WE RETURN FROM WHENCE WE CAME, WASHED FREE OF THE SINS THAT BOUND US.

MY NAME IS ELEKTRA.

AND I AM FREE.

#1 VARIANT BY Mirka Andolfo



#2

YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS, JOON? YOU'VE GIVEN IT A LOT OF THOUGHT?

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT NOTHING BUT. THERE'S REALLY NO CHOICE, RYAN.

ALL RIGHT, THEN. I'LL MAKE THIS AS QUICK AS I CAN--

BLAAAM

AAAAAHHH!

SO MY SOURCES WERE CORRECT.

CESARE, NO--!

YOU DO NOT GET TO SAY "NO" TO ME.

JULIO, GUARD THE DOOR.

YOU...YOU KILLED HIM! HOW COULD YOU--?

YOU WANTED TO END THE PREGNANCY. HOW COULD I NOT?

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE!

PERHAPS NOT TO YOU. BUT TO ME, IT'S INCREDIBLY SIMPLE

JULIO, IS OUR PATH CLEAR?

JULIO?

"ELEKTRA, DO YOU REMEMBER JOON?"

"AS I RECALL, SHE WAS A PROFESSIONAL 'COMPANION,' YES? TENDED TO HANG AROUND THIS DUMP YOU CALL HOME."

YEAH, THAT'S HER.

SHE'S TAKEN UP WITH A DANGEROUS GUY.

DANGEROUS?

NAME IS "CESARE." HE'S AN ASSASSIN.

SO AM I.

HE'S GOOD.

I'M BETTER.

MAYBE NOT.

THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

WHY ARE YOU BRINGING HER UP?

SHE WAS SOMETHING OF A REGULAR HERE. HASN'T BEEN AROUND IN A WEEK. GETTIN' WORRIED. HOPIN' YOU COULD TRACK HER DOWN, CHECK ON HER.

WHY DON'T *YOU* LOOK FOR HER?

HE'S GOT A TRUCE WITH TYGER TIGER. CAN'T REALLY VIOLATE THAT.

BUT *YOU* CAN.

DO YOU MIND IF I KILL HIM? NOT THAT I WANT TO...

OH, OF COURSE YOU DON'T.

WELL...

...UNLESS HE PISSES ME OFF.

ELEKTRA, I ASSUME FROM THE SAI.

CESARE. LET HER GO.

SHE IS MINE, *EXCLUSIVELY*. SHE IS WELL-PAID FOR HER ATTENTIONS.

SHE DOESN'T GET TO END HER PREGNANCY. NOT MY CHILD. I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO I--

ARRHHH!

YOU #$%&!

WHAP

KLANG

YOU SHOULD BE WORKING FOR ME.

NO THANKS.

YOUR MISTAKE.

KLUD

KLANG

KLAAAANG

SLIK

SHUNK

ARRHHH!!

YOU'VE MADE AN ELEMENTARY MISTAKE, ELEKTRA.

UNHHH!

YOU UNDERESTIMATED YOUR OPPONENT!

IF YOU LET DOWN YOUR GUARD, OR FORGET WHO YOU'RE FIGHTING, IT CAN COST YOU YOUR LIFE.

BLAM!

GOOD ADVICE.

BLAM

I WAS AIMING FOR HIS CHEST.

WELL...YOU MISSED.

HIS PEOPLE WILL COME AFTER ME.

GET THE HELL OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

DON'T WORRY. PATCH WILL SPREAD WORD THAT I'M THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM.

BUT THEN THEY'LL COME AFTER *YOU.*

THEY'LL HAVE TO GET IN LINE.

DO I NEED TO FIND YOU ANOTHER DOCTOR TO--?

NO, NO. NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, I CAN HAVE THE BABY.

YOU WANT TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE CHILD OF THAT MURDERER?

I NEVER *SAID* HE WAS THE FATHER.

IF HE'D EVER FOUND OUT, HE WOULD'VE KILLED US BOTH.

NOW HE CAN ROT IN HELL.

LET ME TELL YOU ALL ABOUT YOUR DADDY.

HE WAS A GOOD MAN. A WONDERFUL MAN.

HE LOVED HELPING PEOPLE AND SOLVING THEIR PROBLEMS.

HE WAS TERRIFIC AT TALKING CARE OF FOLKS, PARTICULARLY WOMEN.

AND I HOPE YOU GROW UP TO BE JUST LIKE HIM.

AND HIS NAME...

...WAS RYAN.

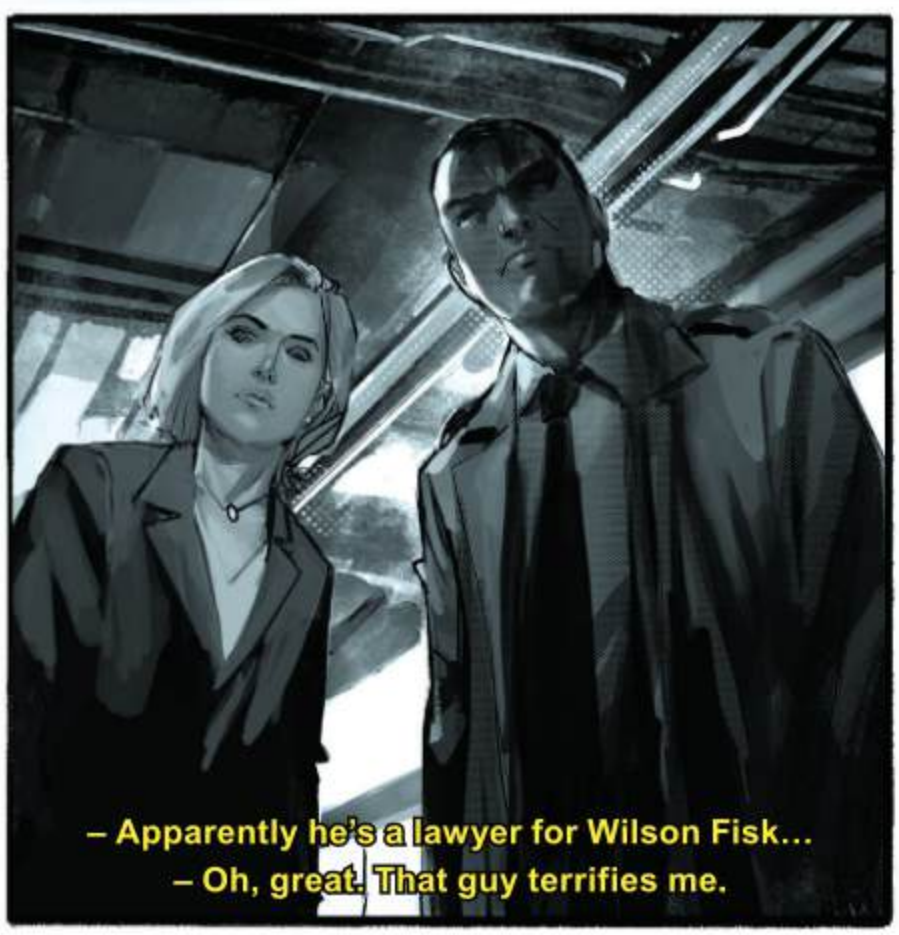
The End.

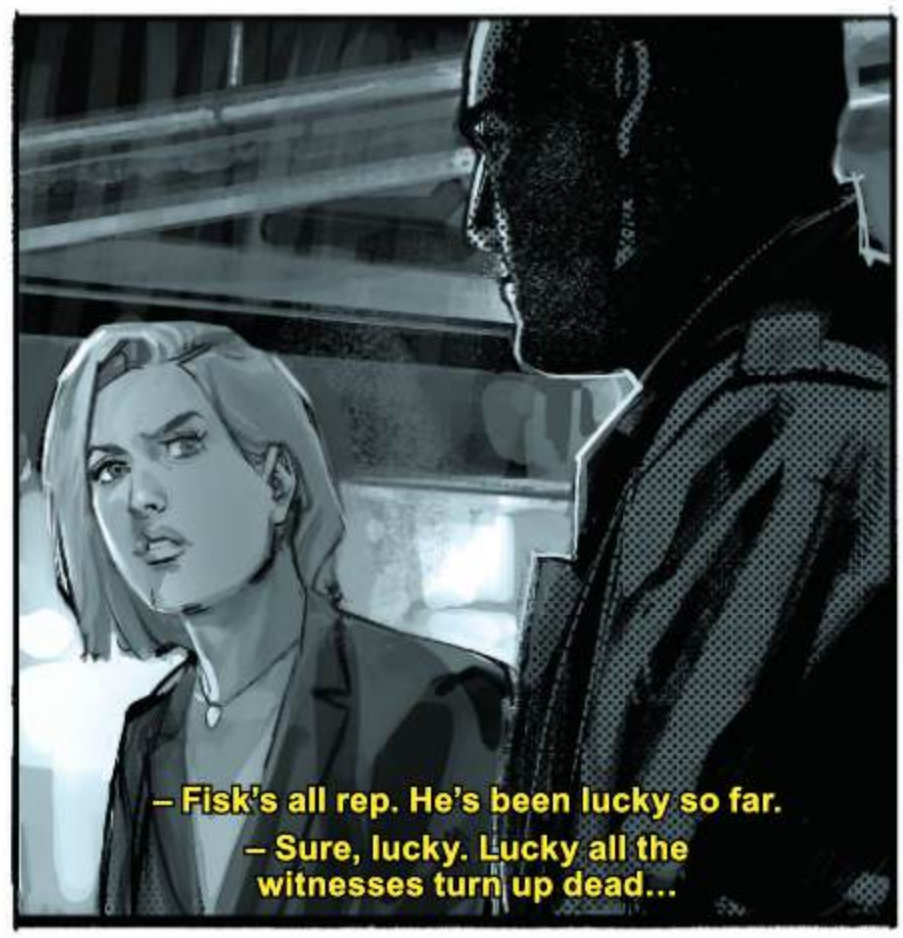
When you kill a man,
you should be right there.

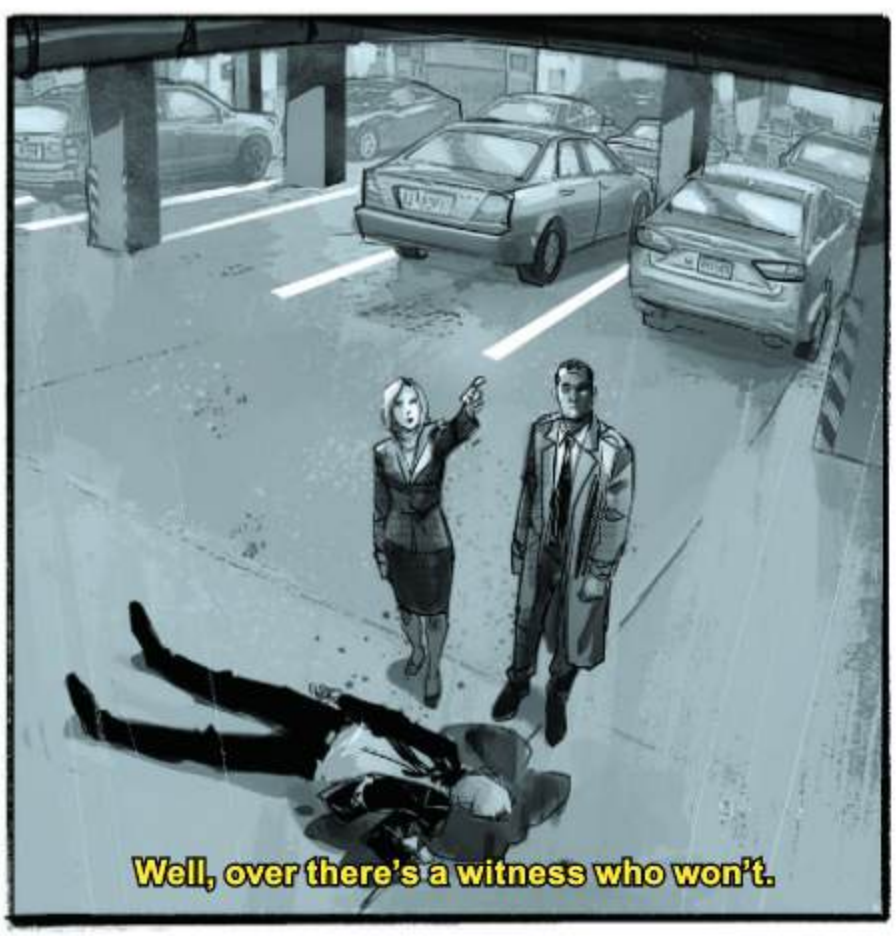
At his throat.
A matter of respect, you know?

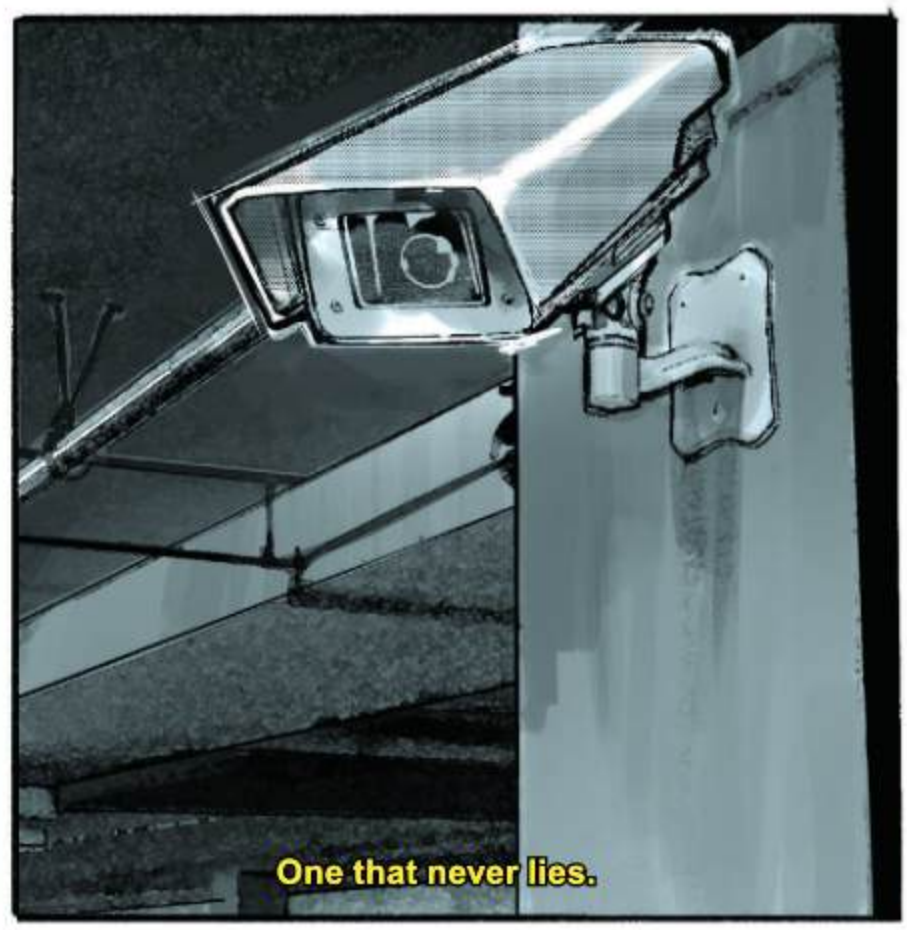
Thats the law, is it?

VERITÉ


– Apparently he's a lawyer for Wilson Fisk...
– Oh, great. That guy terrifies me.


– Fisk's all rep. He's been lucky so far.
– Sure, lucky. Lucky all the witnesses turn up dead...


Well, over there's a witness who won't.


One that never lies.

All in glorious technicolor.

- All but the killer...
- Was he shot, maybe? From off-camera?

Nope. Coroner says the throat was slit by a blade--had to be right there.

"A matter of respect..."

– What?
– Nothing. I've got this movie stuck in my head.

– You think the answer's in one of your arthouse flicks?
– I don't know. Maybe.

It's not like it's in this one.

Have you taken enough pictures now?

I want to catch the reality.

Should I get a movie camera?
That's 24 frames every second.

Would that be enough?

Stop.

Now let's take it frame by frame.

There. Right there.

24 frames a second. The killer's not on film because it happened between frames.

Who can kill a man that fast?

This is ridiculous. Red ribbons? It's not enough to go on.

- We should just...
- Here. Got something.

Surveillance photo from a stakeout. Nothing we could use then... but look.

Think this is enough to bring Fisk in?

I need a bathroom break.

– Because of Fisk? He's all rep, I'm telling you...
– I know. I just need a minute.

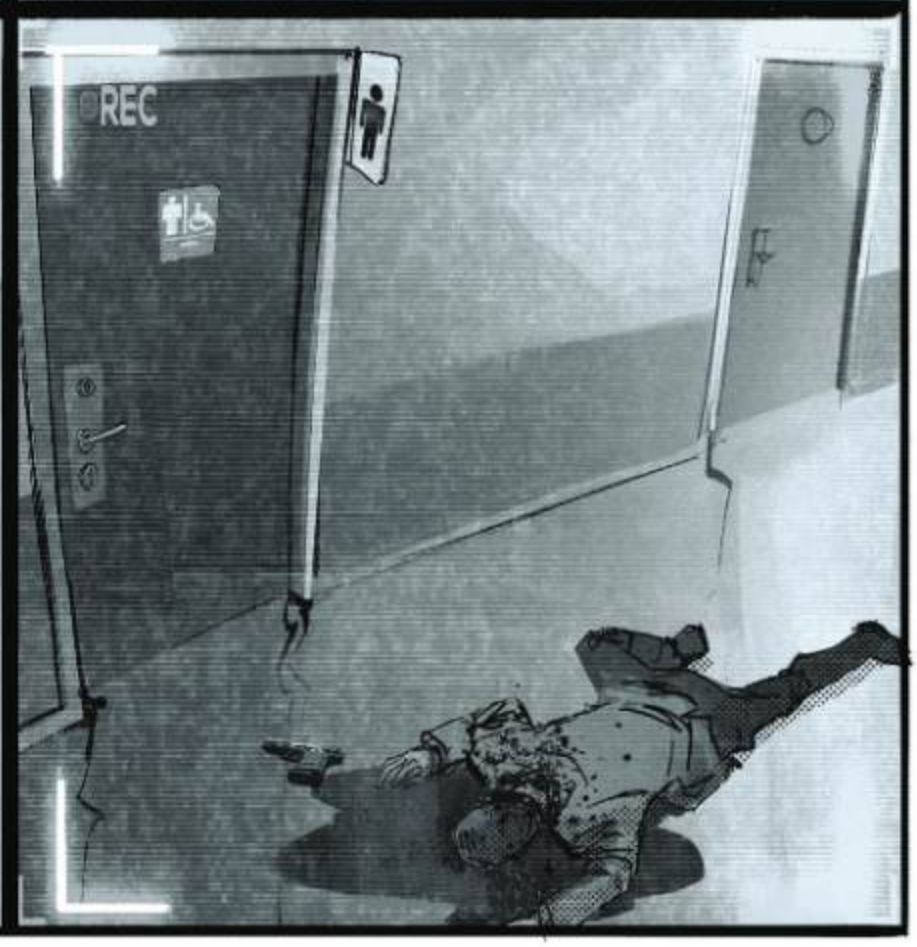
It's okay. It's okay.

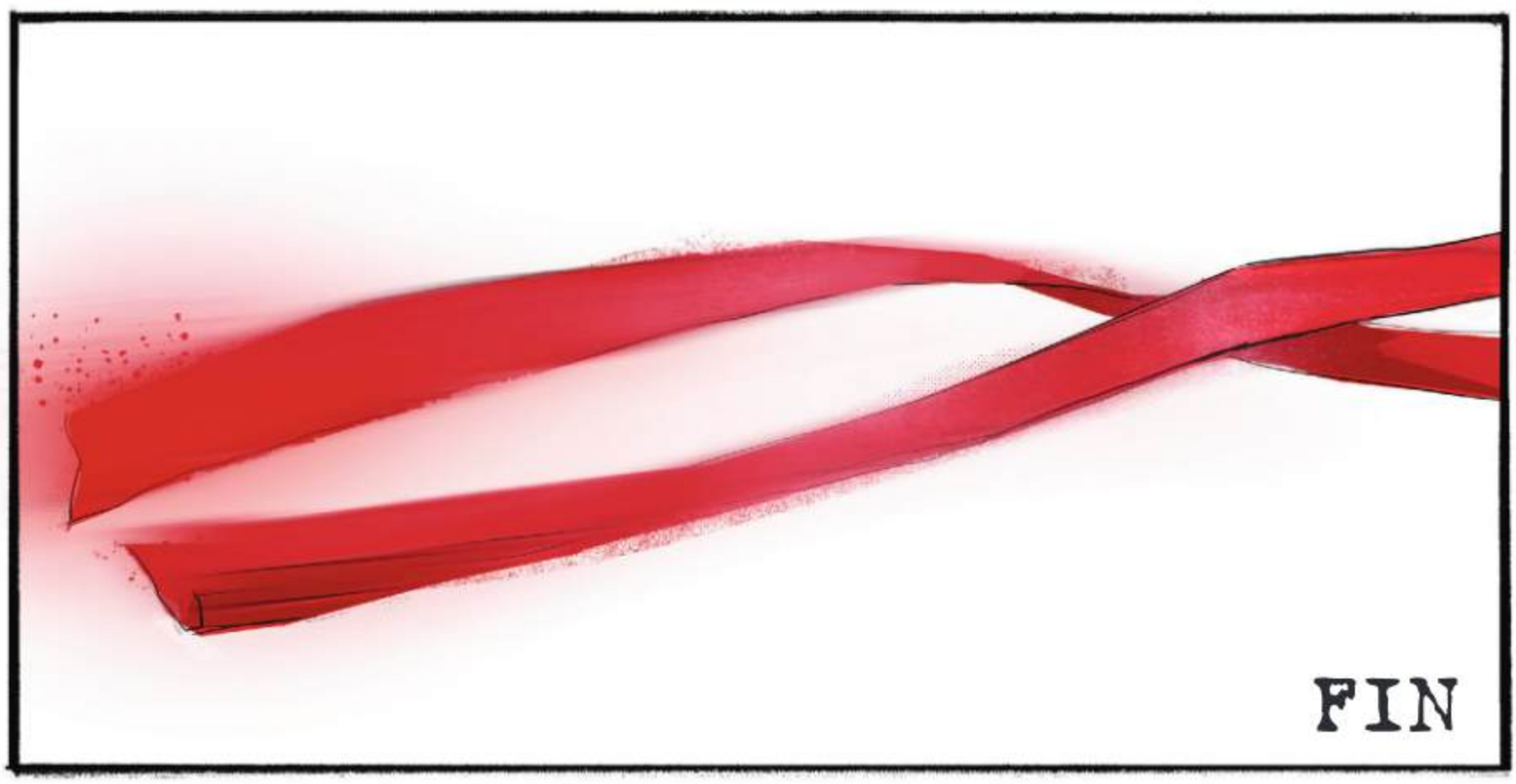
Listen--I think we should--

REC

REC

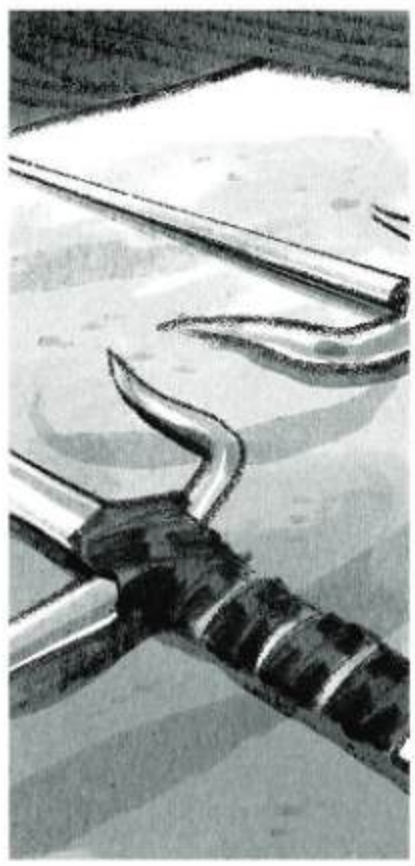
REC

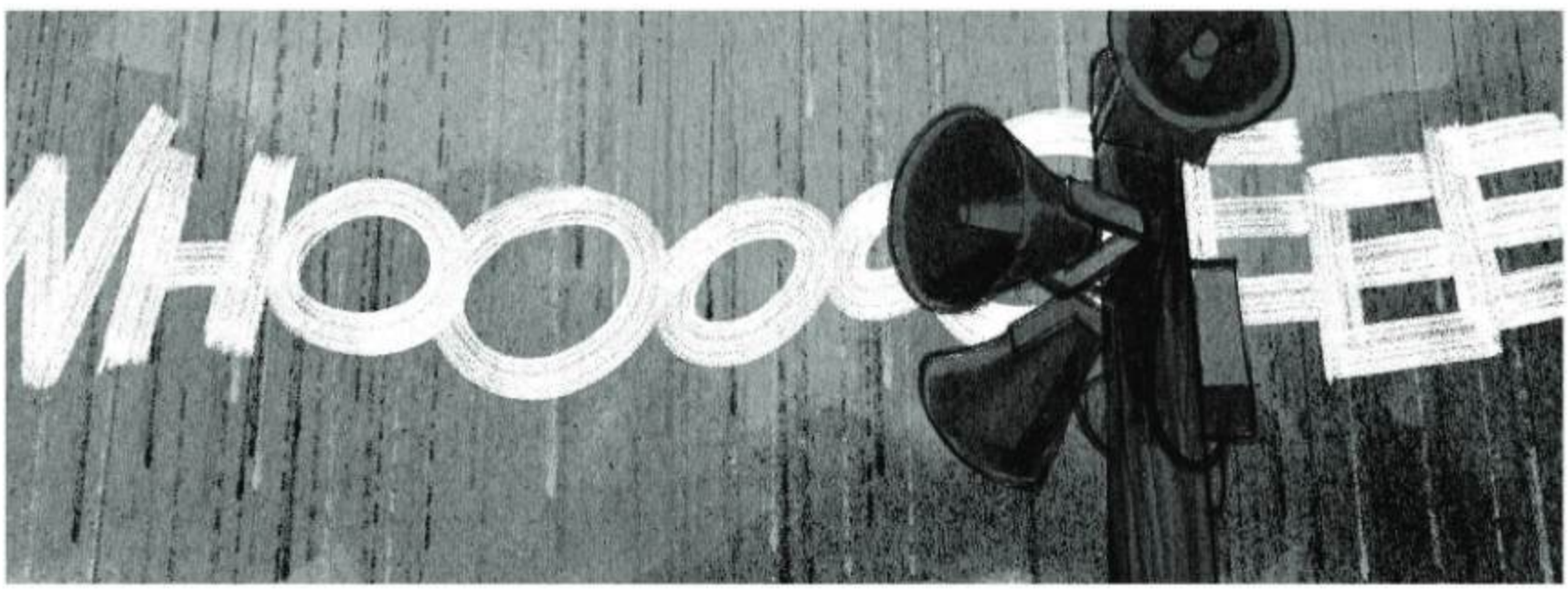

REC

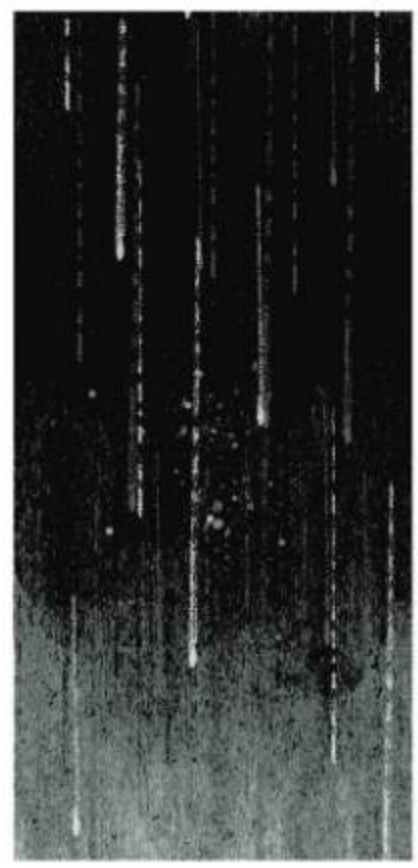

FIN

JAPAN 日本

KITAAIKI VILLAGE POPULATION: 423

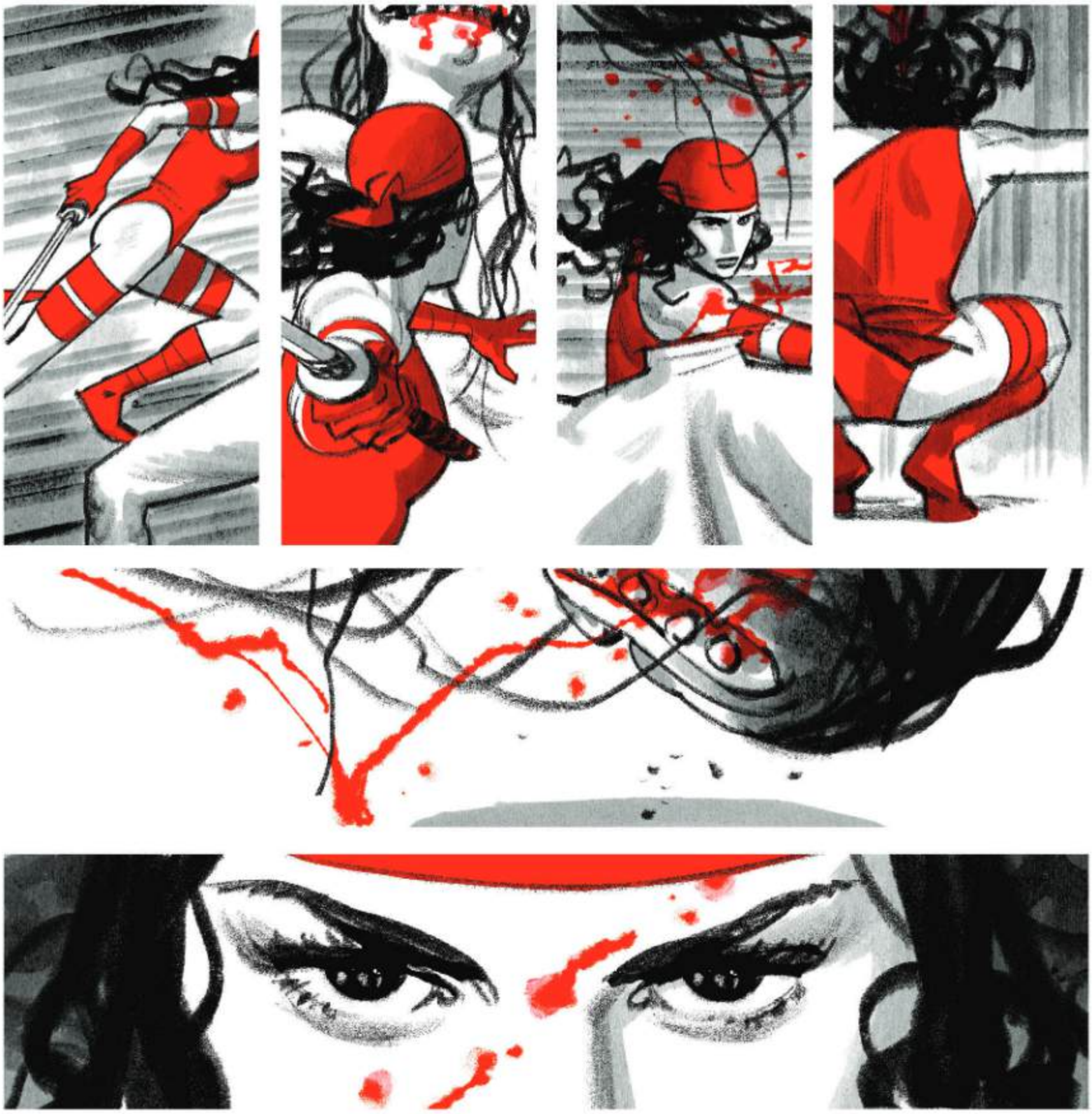


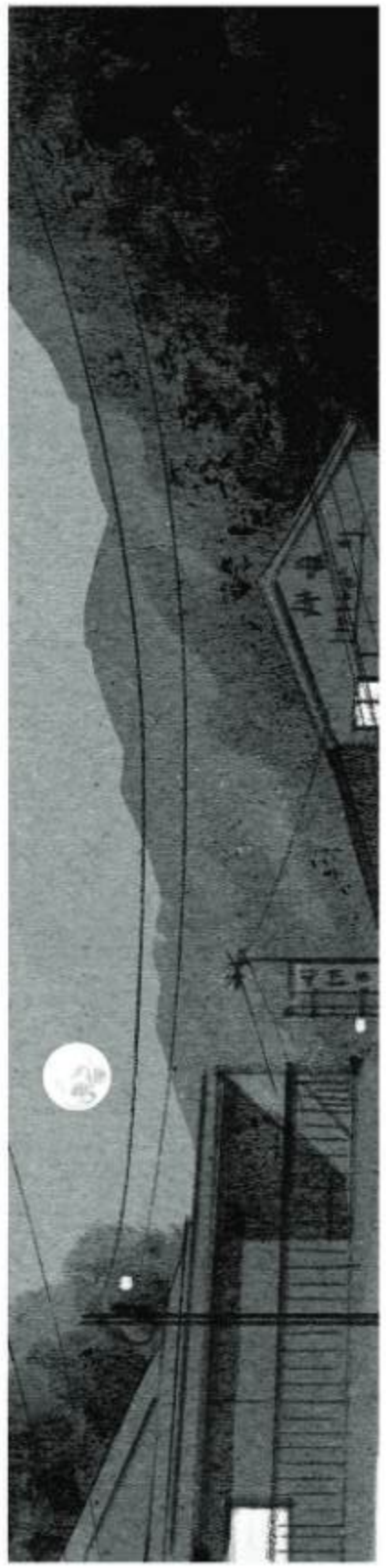

WHOOOSH



KRACK

THUMP

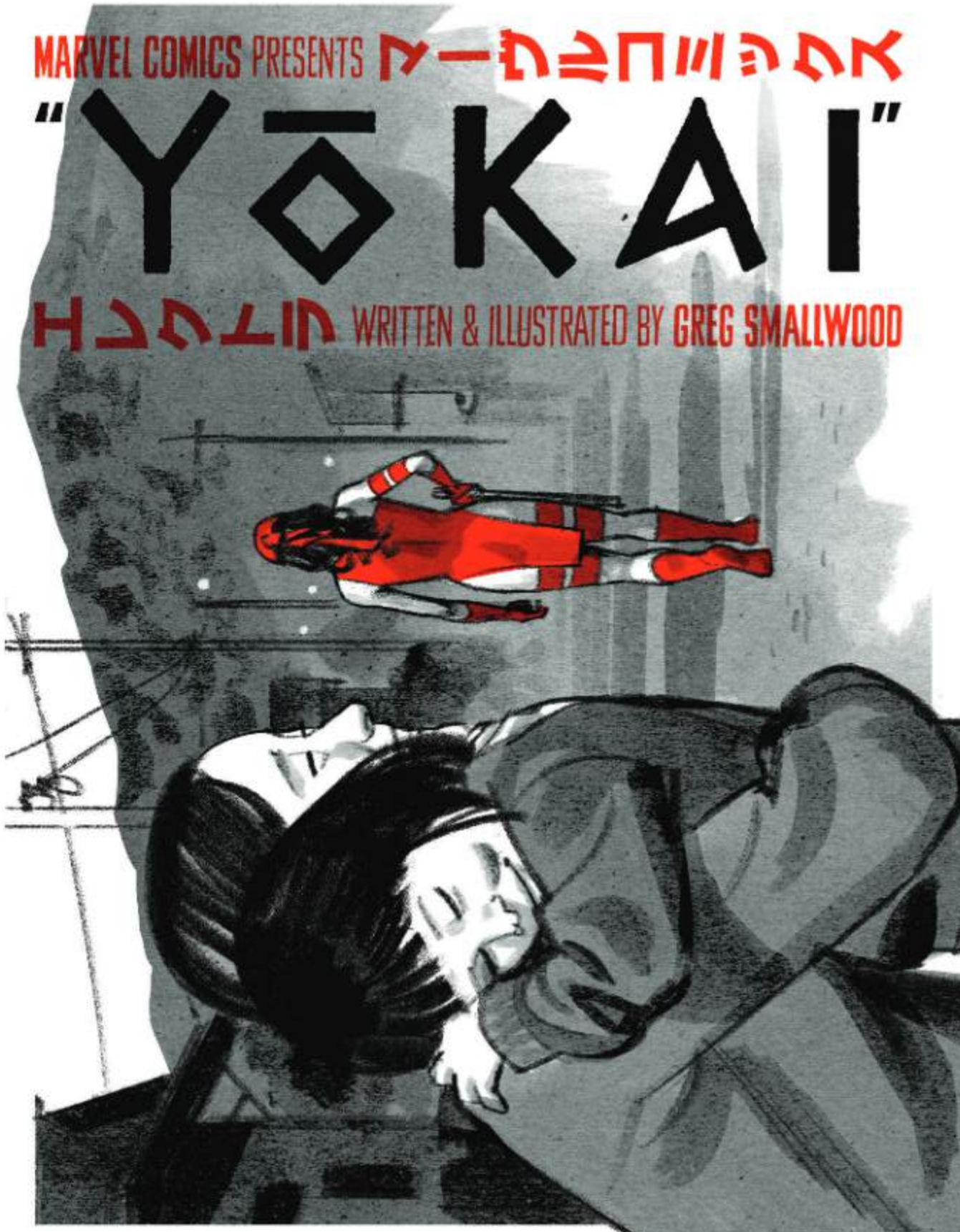


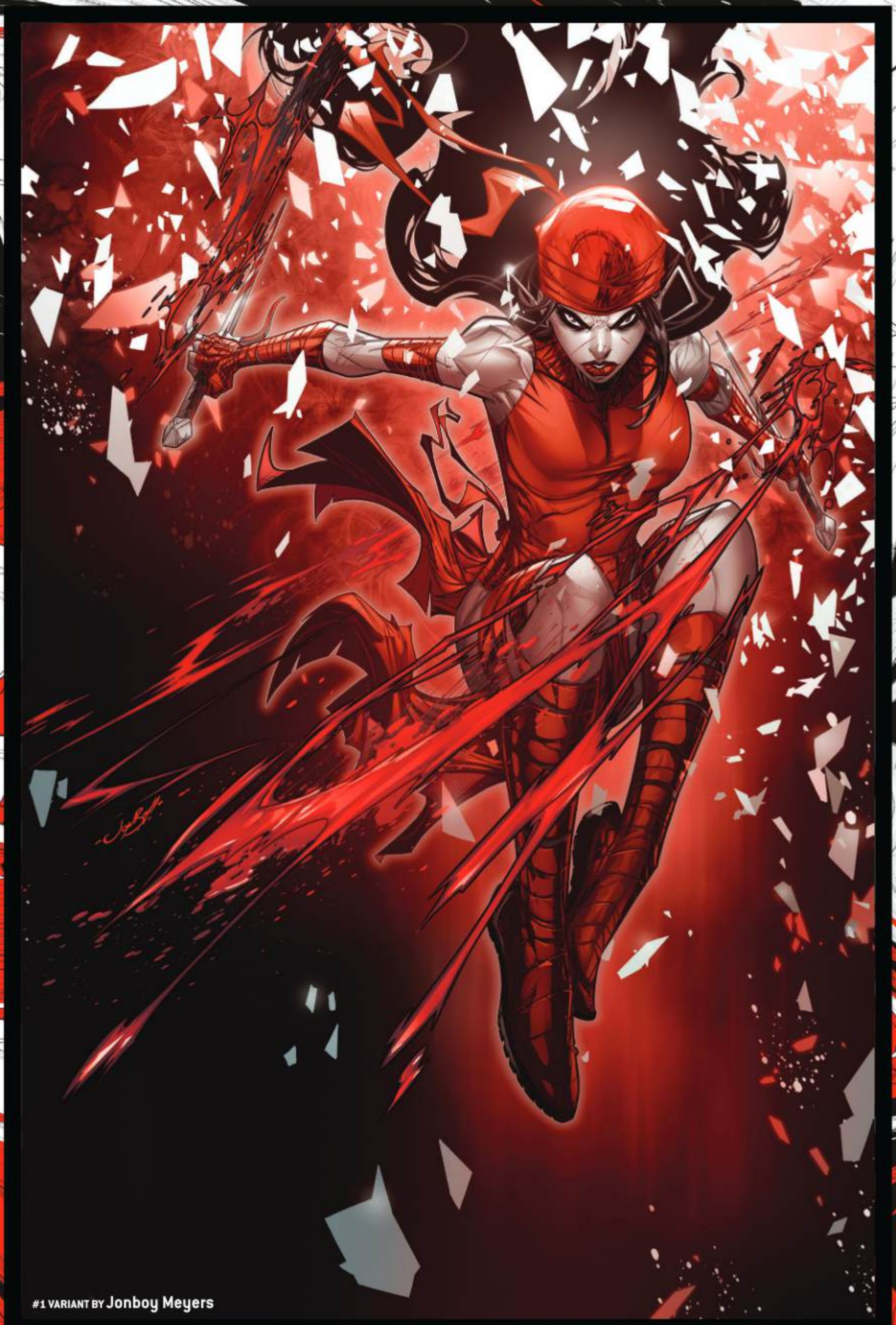


MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

"YŌKAI"

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY GREG SMALLWOOD





#1 VARIANT BY Jonboy Meyers

THIS ISSUE INCLUDES DEPICTIONS OF SUICIDE. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.
IF YOU ARE STRUGGLING WITH THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE, OR ARE WORRIED ABOUT A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE, PLEASE REACH OUT TO A COUNSELOR OR SOMEONE YOU TRUST;
CALL YOUR LOCAL HELP LINE; OR CALL THE NATIONAL SUICIDE PREVENTION LIFELINE: 1-800-273-8255.

CREED PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL. HELL'S KITCHEN.

FATHER IS *DEAD.* THE WOLVES ARE CIRCLING.

THE *CORPORATION* TRICKED ME INTO THIS DUMP. THEY WANT ME CRAZY. TO CONTROL ME. STEAL MY ESTATE. TIME TO SWEAT OUT *THE MEDS.*

YOU SEE? YOU HOLD THE SNAKE'S EYES WITH YOUR EYES...AND SING TO IT.

THAT'S HOW YOU HYPNOTIZE A SNAKE.

HAIL MARY, FULL OF... FULL OF...

YOU TWO... IT'S A TWIN TOWER OF BABBLE IN HERE. C'MON, GET UP AND WORK OUT WITH ME?

LIZZY, WE'RE NOT IN A SNAKE PIT. YOU'RE HALLUCINATING. SHUT YOUR EYES AND IT'S GONE.

split

EDITORIAL NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER THE FLASHBACK EVENTS IN DAREDEVIL *#168.*

AND YOU CAN'T HYPNOTIZE A SNAKE BY SINGING.

MY DADDY CAN. HE SINGS AND THE SERPENT OBEYS.

SNAKES LOVE MUSIC.

YOUR SNAKE-CHARMING PREACHER DADDY'S A LIAR.

SNAKES HAVE NO EARS. NO EARDRUMS. THEY'RE DEAF.

DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE NOT ALONE. MY FATHER SPOKE WITH A FORKED TONGUE TOO.

HAIL MARY, FULL OF MACE. BETTER NOT TO LEAVE A TRACE.

CAST NO SHADOW, LEAVE NO MARK.

LIKE GOD.

NO GOD IN HERE, LITTLE GIRL.

MADNESS IS CONTAGIOUS.

NO MORE CRAZY TALK, HAIL MARY.

WAKE UP, YOU TWO.

THIS PLACE IS A RACKET. THEY KEEP US DOPED UP AND DOCILE. OFFER NO REAL HELP.

TOMORROW, IT'S **ELECTRIC SHOCK** FOR BREAKFAST.

FRY THE BRAIN CELLS.

I LIKE THE SHOCKS. THEY SHUT OUT THE VOICES.

UH-HUH. WHAT DO THE VOICES HAVE TO SAY?

THINGS.

YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE, **MARY**. TAKE THE PILLS, BE A DROOLING ZOMBIE. DON'T TAKE THEM, BE CRAZY BUT ALIVE.

NOW LET'S BUST OUT OF HERE.

NOT ME.

STOP BEING SO BOSSY. IF YOU KEEP TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, I MIGHT...

MIGHT WHAT?

OH! SOMETHING DRIPPING ON ME...I THINK SHE...

I SEE IT.

STAY CALM, I GOT THIS.

I'M HERE, LIZZY.

YOU'LL BE FINE.

LET'S CLEAN YOU UP BEFORE THE GUARD SEES...

WING FIVE, BACKUP! CODE RED!

WILL SHE...?

SHE'LL LIVE.

STAY BACK, BOTH OF YOU!

CLICK

KRIK

OH, NO...

OH, YES!

COMING WITH ME?

NO!

OH, YES, YOU ARE.

NOW HELP ME.

I'M GOING TO TOSS YOU AT THE GUARDS.

AFTER YOU KNOCK THEM OFF-BALANCE--

--DIVE LOW--

--AND STAY OUT OF MY WAY.

ELEKTRA! DON'T KILL THEM...

FWIP

WAK

KRAK

THESE ARE NOT KILL SHOTS.

LEARN THE DIFFERENCE.

I DON'T KILL MIDDLEMEN. IT'S THE ONES ON TOP I'M AFTER.

WHAM WHAM

DOOR'S BOLTED. THICK STEEL.

I CAN'T KICK IT DOWN. WE'RE TRAPPED.

ZZZSWIP!

MARY... ARE YOU DOING THAT?

UNSCREWING THE--?

EW

EW!

AREN'T YOU HOT STUFF?

I DIDN'T DO IT. I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.

SOMEONE ELSE DID IT.

OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO.

LET'S GET RID OF THESE UNIFORMS.

25¢ PEEP SHOWS BOOKS MAGS

W 48 St

PLAYPEN

LIVE NUDE GIRLS FREE

FOLLIES

IRLESK

WHERE WILL YOU GO?

SOME-PLACE FARAWAY. WHERE I CAN STUDY MARTIAL ARTS WITH THE MASTERS.

NO ONE WILL EVER LOCK ME UP AGAIN.

WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU HEAR VOICES. WRITE DOWN WHAT THEY TELL YOU. FIND OUT WHO'S IN THERE WITH YOU. SHOVE DOWN THE BAD ONES. LIVE IN THE STRONG ONES.

FIND A DOCTOR WHO GETS YOU. SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST.

RELY ON NOBODY BUT YOURSELF, MARY.

I'M WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LORD. HE WILL PROTECT ME.

DON'T YOU HAVE *FAITH*, ELEKTRA?

FAITH? I BELIEVE IN *PASCAL'S WAGER*. MIGHT AS WELL BELIEVE, BUT ONLY TO HEDGE YOUR BETS.

YOU'RE SO SMART. *TOO* SMART. BIG WORDS, BIG IDEAS.

TRICKY WORDS... BUT MAYBE THE ONLY ONE YOU TRICK IS YOURSELF...?

LIKE I SAID. TRUST IN YOURSELF.

BE SEEING YOU, MARY.

THE END

I FEEL SICK.

UGLY.

HEAVY.

SO HEAVY.

HEART'S POUNDING OUT OF MY CHEST.

I HATE YOU.

WITH A PASSION

YESTERDAY.

HERE TO RUIN IT ALL.

MR. CATHOLICISM--

ALWAYS TALKING-- RIGHTEOUS NONSENSE.

ELEKTRA! YOU DON'T WANT THIS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR LIES?

HURTFUL LIES.

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT!

TWO-FACED.

GOODY TWO-SHOES ALL DAY IN COURT--

--VIOLENT GUARDIAN AT NIGHT.

WHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN?

HOW MANY AFFAIRS?

CALM DOWN! JUST LISTEN TO--

HOW MANY BROKEN HEARTS?

HOW MUCH BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS?

BUT IT'S OKAY--

--YOU CONFESSED.

YOU'RE THE GOOD GUY.

WHO AM I?

THE KILLER.

DON'T TOUCH ME.

YOU'RE MAKING THIS WORSE!

I DON'T LIKE BEING TOLD WHAT TO DO.

SHUT UP!

PLEASE! JUST CALM DOWN!

SO STRONG--

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

MY SAVIOR?

LET GO--

--DON'T TOUCH--

ELEKTRA! I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT!

--HE'S SO CLOSE TO--

--ME.

I WANT YOU.

I CAN FEEL HIS HEART BEATING NEXT TO MINE.

TASTES LIKE SWEAT.

...LIKE SWEET.

I WANT TO SEE YOU.

MATT...

NO MORE TALKING.
NO MORE FIGHTING.
NO MORE SECRETS.
TWO BODIES--
--NO MASTERS.
HOLD ME.
BREATHING HARD.
BLOOD ON MY HANDS...
BREATHING YOU.
CAN YOU SEE ME?
THE WOMAN HERE TO RUIN YOU.

SO LUCKY...

YOU CAN SLEEP.

CALM.

NO THOUGHTS.

QUIET.

I HATE YOU.

THUNK

I'M NOT LIKE YOU.

ELEKTRA?

PLEASE-- DON'T--

COME BACK TO BED.

ELEKTRA?

THINGS NEED TO BE DONE.

NO TIME TO REST.

MIND RACING--

--POUNDING--

--LIKE HIS HEART.

NOW.

STOMACH--

--TURNING--

--SQUEEZING--

--SO TIGHT--

--CAN'T BREATHE.

I DON'T LIKE YOU, MATT MURDOCK.

YOU'RE PATHETIC.

SOFT MUSCLES-- TENDONS-- ARTERIES.

EASY--

--NOT HARD--

I NEED TO FEEL MY HANDS ON HER THROAT.

I CAN STILL FEEL HIS WARMTH--

KINDNESS.

MAMA?

MAMA?

SHUT UP!

MAMAAAA! MAAAAMAAAA!

MY EARS!

HURTS--

FEEL SICK--

SALIVA BUILDING-- IN MY MOUTH--

I CAN STILL SMELL HIM...

end.

MOSCOW. YEARS AGO.

STAY FOCUSED, AGENT ROMANOFF-- DO NOT TELEGRAPH YOUR ATTACKS.

WHUDD!

COPY THAT, CONTROL--AS YOU SAY, THERE IS ONLY ONE TRAINING GROUND MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE RED ROOM...

"...AND THAT IS THE WORLD OUTSIDE IT."

RUN THE MARKSMANSHIP PROGRAM ONCE AGAIN, AGENT ROMANOFF-- AND THIS TIME, AIM FOR THE HEADS.

OF COURSE-- NO BLACK WIDOW WORTH HER SALT WOULD TURN DOWN THE OPPORTUNITY FOR PRACTICE...

"AFTER ALL, IN MY LINE OF WORK, THERE ARE ULTIMATELY ONLY TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE...

"THE ONES WHO ARE PRECISE... AND THE ONES WHO ARE DEAD."

SATISFACTORY MARKS TONIGHT, AGENT ROMANOFF--YOU ARE CLEARED FOR FURTHER FIELDWORK.

MY THANKS, CONTROL--I'M TERMINATING THIS NEWS CHANNEL FOR THE EVENING NOW.

BUT PERHAPS NEXT TIME, YOU COULD PROVIDE A SMALL KINDNESS FOR YOUR TOP OPERATIVE...

...AND PRESENT ME WITH A REAL CHALLENGE.
BEEP
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR, LITTLE SPIDER...
YOU MIGHT JUST GET IT.

BOIZE MOI--!

SPKK!

BLAM

BLAM

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOU WANT, ASSASSIN...

BUT ON MY HONOR AS A BLACK WIDOW, I PROMISE YOU THIS...

PANG!

THE NEXT BULLET THAT COMES AT ME, I'M GOING TO FEED IT RIGHT BACK TO YOU.

SPAKT!

HEH-- GOOD.

I WAS HOPING YOU WOULDN'T GO DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT.

NOW LET'S SEE IF THE BLACK WIDOW IS AS DEADLY AS THEY CLAIM!

THAT'S YOUR FIRST MISTAKE--YOU'VE JUST TRESPASSED AGAINST THE RED ROOM.

AND NO MATTER WHAT MADNESS LED YOU TO BREAK IN HERE...

"...THE RED ROOM WILL NEVER LET YOU LEAVE HERE ALIVE."

SIR-- I'M PICKING UP AN INTRUDER IN THE SOUTHWEST TRAINING CORRIDOR!

WHAT--?

"MY GOD, LOOK AT HER--THE SPEED IS UNREAL!

"I'M RUNNING HER MOVEMENTS THROUGH THE TRACKING SOFTWARE NOW..."

BLAM BLAM

UNBELIEVABLE-- I'M PICKING UP BITS OF SAVATE, KENPO, JIU-JITSU...

SIR, BIOMETRICS HAVE PICKED UP A MATCH--HER NAME IS *ELEKTRA NATCHIOS.*

SHE'S AN ASSASSIN FOR *THE HAND.*

"INTERPOL SAYS THEY'RE A NINJA DEATH CULT BASED IN JAPAN THAT WORSHIPS A CREATURE KNOWN AS *THE BEAST*...

"THEY RECRUIT FOLLOWERS THROUGH RITUALISTIC MURDER AND RESURRECTION...LEADING TO COMPLETE AND TOTAL SUBMISSION."

HAI--!

SHRAKK!

NOT ON YOUR BEST DAY, MONSTER--!

"GENERAL VOLODIN-- SHOULD WE ACTIVATE DOCTOR TRAVKIN'S DEVICE?"

NYET--I WISH TO SEE HOW OUR GUEST CAN HANDLE A BLACK WIDOW.

AFTER ALL, OUR DARLING NATASHA DID ASK FOR A CHALLENGE...

"LET US NOT WASTE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO TEST THE ***MEASURE*** OF THE HAND."

WHA-KRAK!

HRRH-- I CAN TELL YOU'RE QUITE ENTHUSIASTIC PLAYING WITH YOUR LITTLE DAGGERS, ***ASSASSIN.***

BUT I CAN RELATE-- AFTER SPENDING SO MANY HOURS TRAINING IN THE RED ROOM...

POK

KZZT!

...I HAVE MANY TOYS TO SHARE AS WELL.

KZAPP!

KZOWW!

KZNNG!

HAH! A CRAVEN PLOY, LITTLE SPIDER...

BUT NOT ONE THAT WILL SAVE YOU.

YOUR RED ROOM HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS RETURNED FROM DEATH ITSELF.

SHNNNG!

THUS FAR, I AM NOT IMPRESSED--YOU RELY ON CHEAP TECHNOLOGY AND PARLOR TRICKS.

SNAP

NEVER UNDERSTANDING HOW EASILY ONE CAN MAKE THEM MEANINGLESS.

NO...THE CATWALK--!

FEEL THE FEAR IN YOUR CHEST...

KR!SSS!

AND KNOW THAT THE HAND OFFERS A BETTER WAY--THE OLD WAYS...

DAMMIT-- CAN'T SEE...

SO CLING TO YOUR TOYS, LITTLE SPIDER--BUT KNOW THIS...

SHRZAKK!

...AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE ONLY WEAPON YOU CAN RELY ON IS *YOURSELF.*

"SIR--SHE'S DOWN!

"I REPEAT-- THE BLACK WIDOW IS DOWN!"

BLAST IT, ROMANOFF-- WE TAUGHT YOU BETTER THAN THIS.

ALL HANDS-- I'M ACTIVATING DOCTOR TRAVKIN'S MACHINE AT ONCE!

TEK

THAT'S RIGHT, MISS NATCHIOS...

...YOU MIGHT HAVE DEFEATED A LONE WIDOW, CAUGHT UNAWARE...

...BUT YOU ARE NO MATCH AGAINST A BRIGADE OF THEM!

DOCTOR TRAVKIN WAS A GENIUS--TRAINED BY THE FAMED LYUDMILLA KUDRIN HERSELF!

WHUDD

BUT WHILE KUDRIN'S SERUMS ENHANCED THE BODY... TRAVKIN'S MACHINES FOCUSED ON THE MIND.

NOW OUR WIDOWS STRIKE AS ONE--LOYAL ONLY TO ME!

HNNFF--!

KRAK!

AN UNSTOPPABLE ARMY UNBURDENED BY MORALITY!

FACE ME, YOU COWARD--!

THWAKK!

UNDAUNTED BY PAIN OR SORROW!

GRAHHH--!

UNSHACKLED FROM THE TYRANNY OF FREE WILL!

NO--!

YOUR MYSTIC CULT THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MASTERS OF SHAPING MEN'S MINDS...

OH, YES.

...BUT NO ONE CAN ESCAPE THE RED ROOM.

AH, FINALLY-- MISS NATCHIOS IS AWAKE.

YOU MUST THINK YOURSELF FOOLISH, PURSUING AGENT ROMANOFF WHEN OUR MIND-CONTROLLED AGENTS PROVE FAR SUPERIOR...

BUT I AM CERTAIN THE HAND WILL BE SUFFICIENTLY IMPRESSED ONCE YOU SLIT THEIR THROATS AS AS OUR NEWEST ***BLACK WIDOW.***

PERHAPS-- BUT WHILE YOUR GRASP IS STRONG, YOUR RANGE IS WEAK... LIMITED TO THIS VERY ROOM.

A ROOM THAT NOT EVEN YOUR VAUNTED DOCTOR TRAVKIN COULD ACCESS.

"BUT THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH BROADCASTING INTO THE HUMAN MIND... SOMEONE CAN HIJACK YOUR SIGNAL.

BECAUSE YOUR FRIEND DOCTOR TRAVKIN... IS ACTUALLY ***OUR*** FRIEND DOCTOR TRAVKIN.

"SCARLET CHRYSANTHEMUMS CONCEAL EBONY DAGGERS."

WIDOWS-- FIRE YOUR BRACELETS AT WILL.

NO--!

YES, MISTRESS.

SHRAKOOOOM!!!!

YOU MAY THINK YOURSELF AN EXPERT IN CONTROL, GENERAL VOLODIN...

BUT NOTHING COMPARES TO THE IRON GRIP OF THE HAND.

NO--WE CANNOT LET THE ASSASSIN ESCAPE--!

RING

WHACK

BRAINWASHING CHILDREN HAS MADE YOU SOFT, GENERAL--OR ELSE YOU'D KNOW...

SHE'S ALREADY LONG GONE.

I KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING, ELEKTRA--JUST KNOW I'M STILL COMING FOR YOU.

GOOD-- WHATEVER YOU DECIDE NEXT, IT SHOULD BE YOUR CHOICE.

CALL ME IF YOU EVER WANT A REMATCH, LITTLE SPIDER...

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU.

WEAPON OF CHOICE

#1 VARIANT BY Bill Sienkiewicz

#4

NEW YORK CITY. YEARS AGO.

I ASSUME YOU SAFELY RECEIVED YOUR PAYMENT. THE PERSON I WANT YOU TO VISIT HAS BECOME A THORN IN--

I DON'T CARE.

I KNOW WE DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER VERY WELL, BUT I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW MORE DETAILS, ***MS. NATCHIOS.***

I WOULD THINK IN YOUR LINE OF WORK YOU MIGHT WORRY THAT THE TARGET WAS A CHILD. OR MAYBE AN OLD WOMAN.

IS IT?

NO. HE IS A VERY EVIL MAN.

BUT THE POINT REMAINS. AS I AM YOUR ***EMPLOYER***, YOUR CONSCIENCE BECOMES MY CONCERN. I'M NOT JUDGING, YOU UNDERSTAND. I ALMOST ADMIRE IT. I AM A MAN FULL OF COMPASSION AND EMPATHY.

BUT YOU... YOU SEEM TO BE ***SOMETHING ELSE***. AND I HAVE TO WONDER IF THAT'S REAL OR JUST FOR SHOW.

I'M EXCITED TO FIND OUT.

I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW HER. MAKE SURE IT'S ***DONE***.

YES, BOSS.

AND IF SHE CAN'T FINISH THE JOB HERSELF...

"...FINISH IT *FOR* HER, AND THEN FINISH *HER* FOR ME."

WHO ARE YOU...?

KRASHH

STAY AWAY FROM ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHO SENT YOU, BUT JUST GO! FOR YOUR OWN SAKE.

PLEASE. I'M WARNING YOU--LEAVE NOW.

SHUNK!

ARRRGGH!

YOU'RE THREATENING ME? YOU MADE A VERY DANGEROUS MAN ANGRY AND I AM THE *CONSEQUENCE* OF THAT, MISTER...

...BLAZE.

KLANG!

I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU THE SAME THING.

HYAAA!

YOU WILL SUFFER FOR YOUR MISTAKES!

YOU FASCINATE ME. MOST PEOPLE RUN WHEN THE GHOST RIDER EMERGES.

KRASH

I'M NOT MOST PEOPLE.

UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU.

SHHK

YOU ARE IMPRESSIVE.

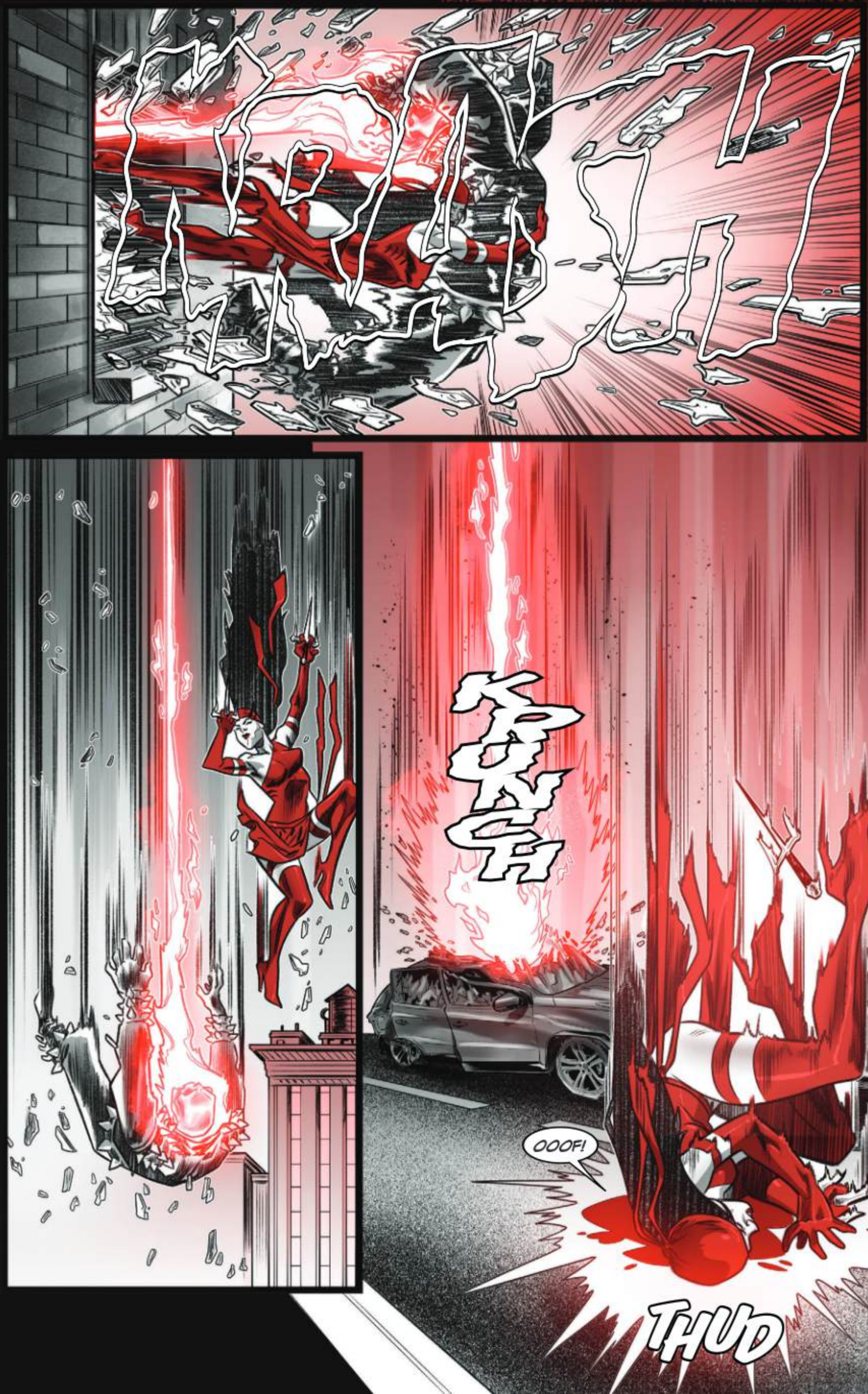
A WORTHY CHALLENGE.

PLYK

I DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL AT A DISADVANTAGE. HERE, TAKE YOUR TOY BACK.

...WHAT *ARE* YOU?

I AM THE THING YOUR EMPLOYER SPEAKS OF BUT DOES NOT TRULY KNOW. I AM WHAT YOU THINK YOU REPRESENT BUT CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND.


KRUNCH
OOOF!
THUD

I AM VENGEANCE.

GRRAAAH!

AND YOU ARE A SMALL CHILD PLAYING IN A WORLD THAT IS NOT YOUR OWN. YOU SHOULD STOP NOW OR I WILL MAKE YOU STOP FOREVER.

SHINK

SO BE IT.

ACK!

THE PENANCE STARE WILL SHOW YOU ALL THE PAIN YOU HAVE CAUSED IN THIS WORLD.

I SWEAR, MAN. HE'S JUST AN OLD MAN IN A BIRD COSTUME.

IF THAT WAS TRUE, WHY HASN'T SOMEONE LIKE THE PUNISHER JUST KILLED HIM OR--?

WHOA!

VROOOM!

WHAT THE #$%&?!

I SPILLED MY WHOLE COFFEE!

GO CHECK ON THE GIRL!

IS SHE... IS SHE *CRYING*?

WHAT HAPPENED, GIRLIE? BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU BLEW THE MISSION.

YOU SENT MEN TO KILL ME.

I SENT THEM TO **FINISH THE JOB** IN CASE YOU COULDN'T. I DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL, AND IT IS NOT UNCOMMON FOR PEOPLE IN YOUR LINE OF WORK TO SUFFER FROM **CRISES OF CONSCIENCE.**

I'LL WORRY ABOUT MY **OWN** CONSCIENCE. I LET THE TARGET GO. I SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME.

LET HIM GO? THAT'S GOING TO BE A PROBLEM.

NOT FOR ME. YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FORCES YOU CAN'T CONTROL, FISK.

I HAVE YET TO MEET THOSE FORCES.

MS. NATCHIOS, YOU'LL FIND I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO FRIGHTEN EASILY. I AM WHAT FRIGHTENS THEM.

AND WHAT IS THIS?

THUMP

THE **MONEY** YOU PAID ME FOR THE JOB BACK. AND A REMINDER FOR YOU...

THERE ARE THINGS IN THIS CITY FAR SCARIER THAN YOU. DON'T EVER SEND ANYONE AFTER ME AGAIN UNLESS YOU'RE SURE THEY CAN HANDLE ME.

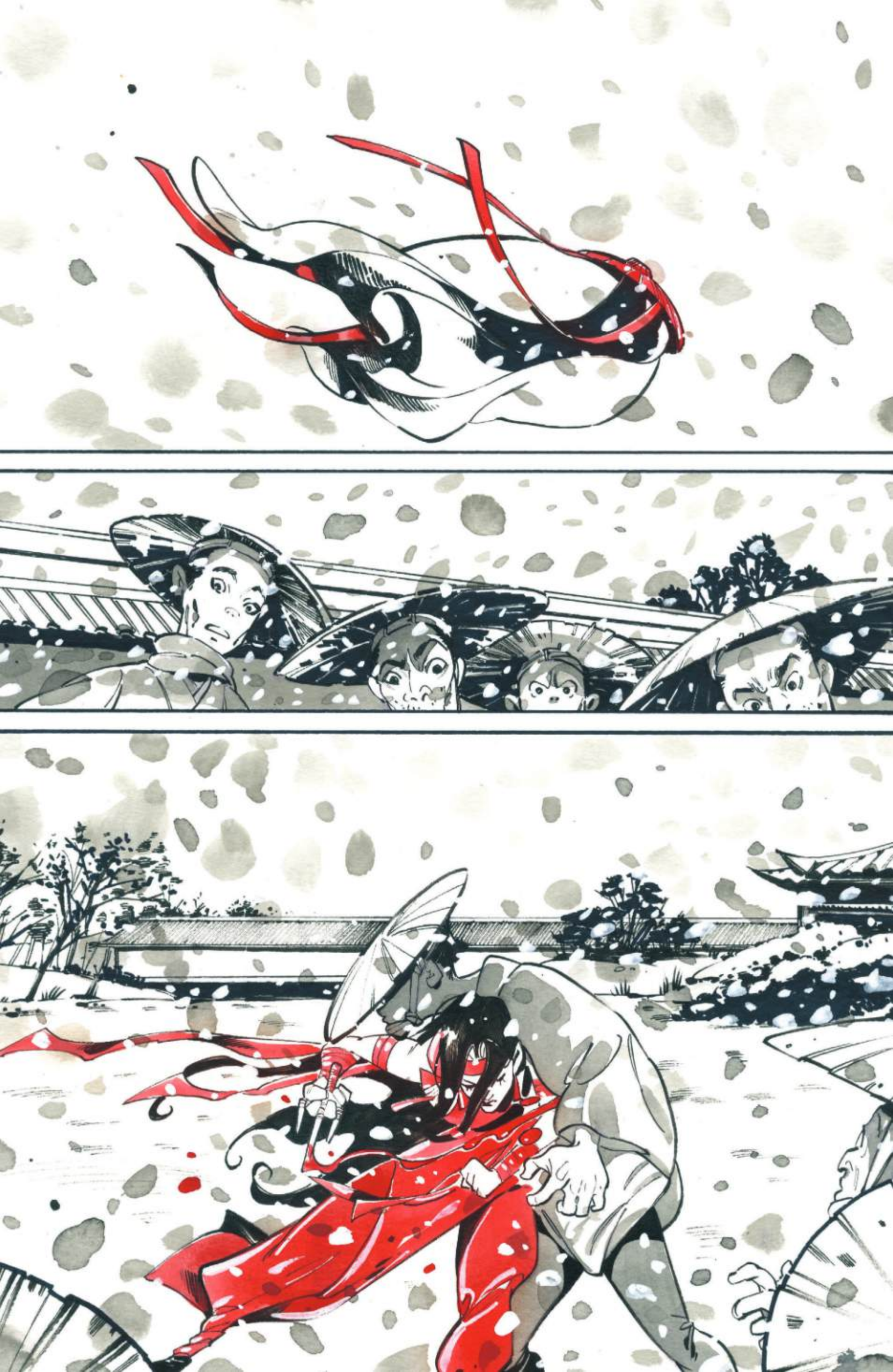
END.

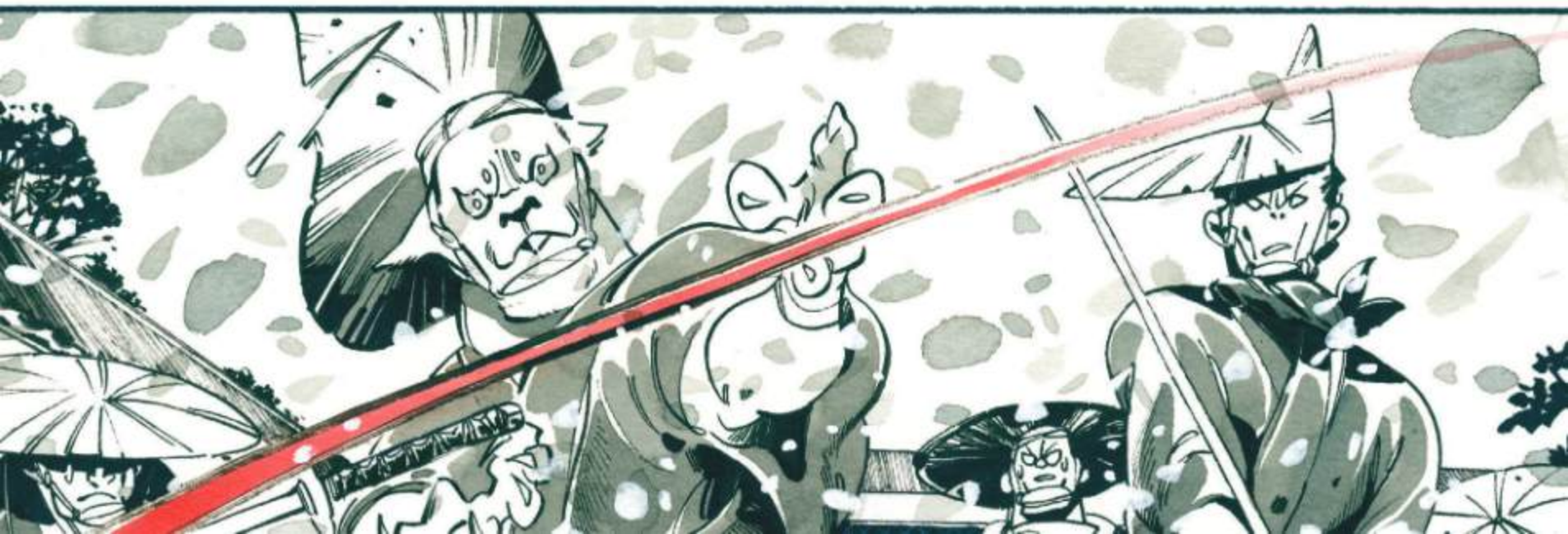
"ASSASSIN"

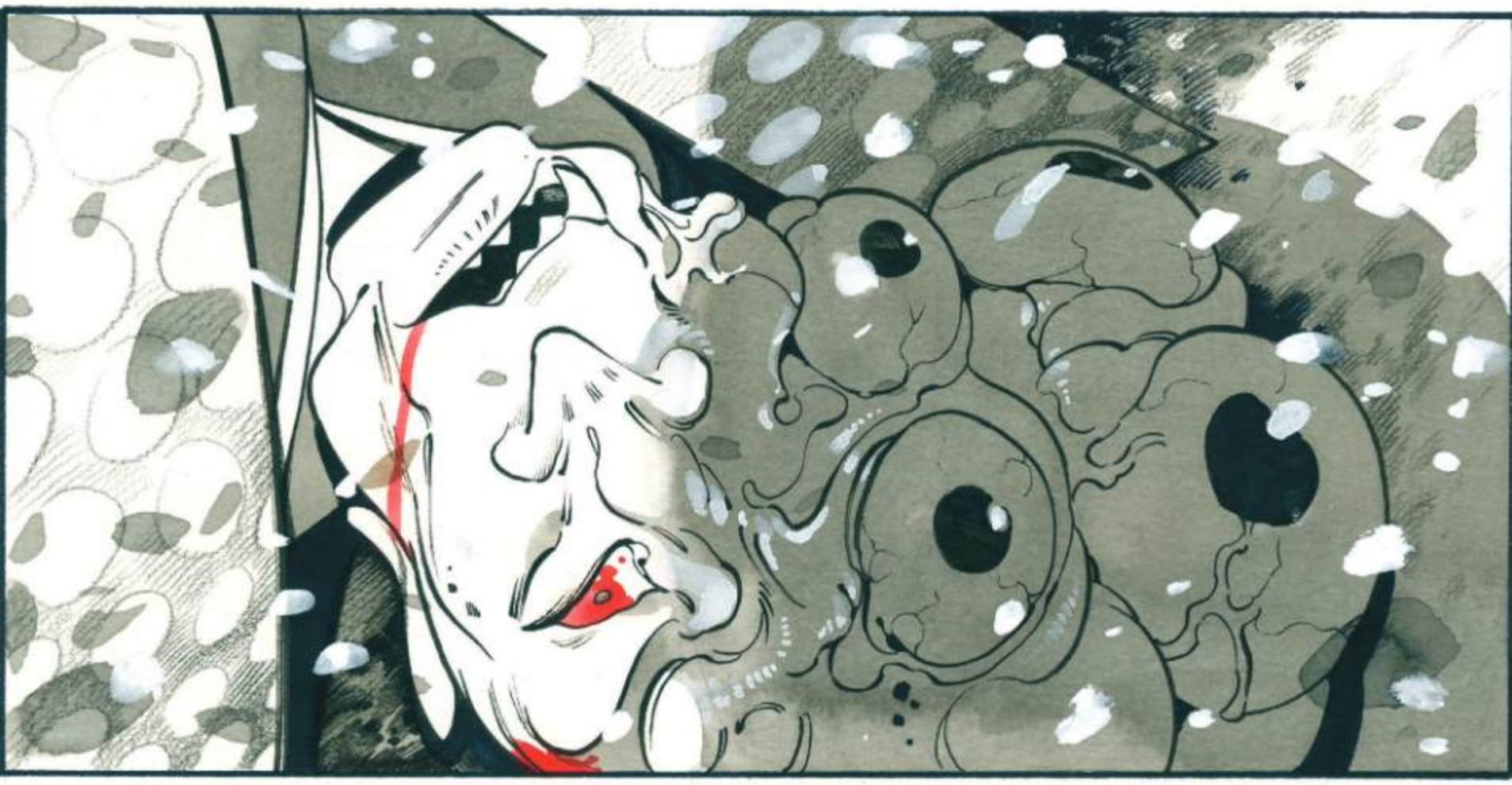
A **DEMON DAYS** Tale

by Peach Momoko

"In feudal Japan, wandering samurai roam the land in search of coin and a bed for the night. Sometimes, they cross paths with strange and supernatural beings…"







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RENDEZVOUS

I have a rendezvous with Death.

At some disputed barricade.

When Spring comes back with rustling shade.

And apple-blossoms fill the air.

I have a rendezvous with Death.

When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand.

And lead me into his dark land.

And close my eyes and quench my breath.

It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death.

On some scarred slope of battered hill.
When Spring comes 'round again this year.

And the first meadow-flowers appear.
God knows 'twere better to be deep.

Pillowed in silk and scented down.

Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep.

Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath.

Where hushed awakenings are dear.

But I've a rendezvous with Death.

At midnight in some flaming town.

When Spring trips north again this year.
And I to my pledged word am true.
I shall not fail that rendezvous.
THE END

#2 VARIANT BY Jonboy Meyers

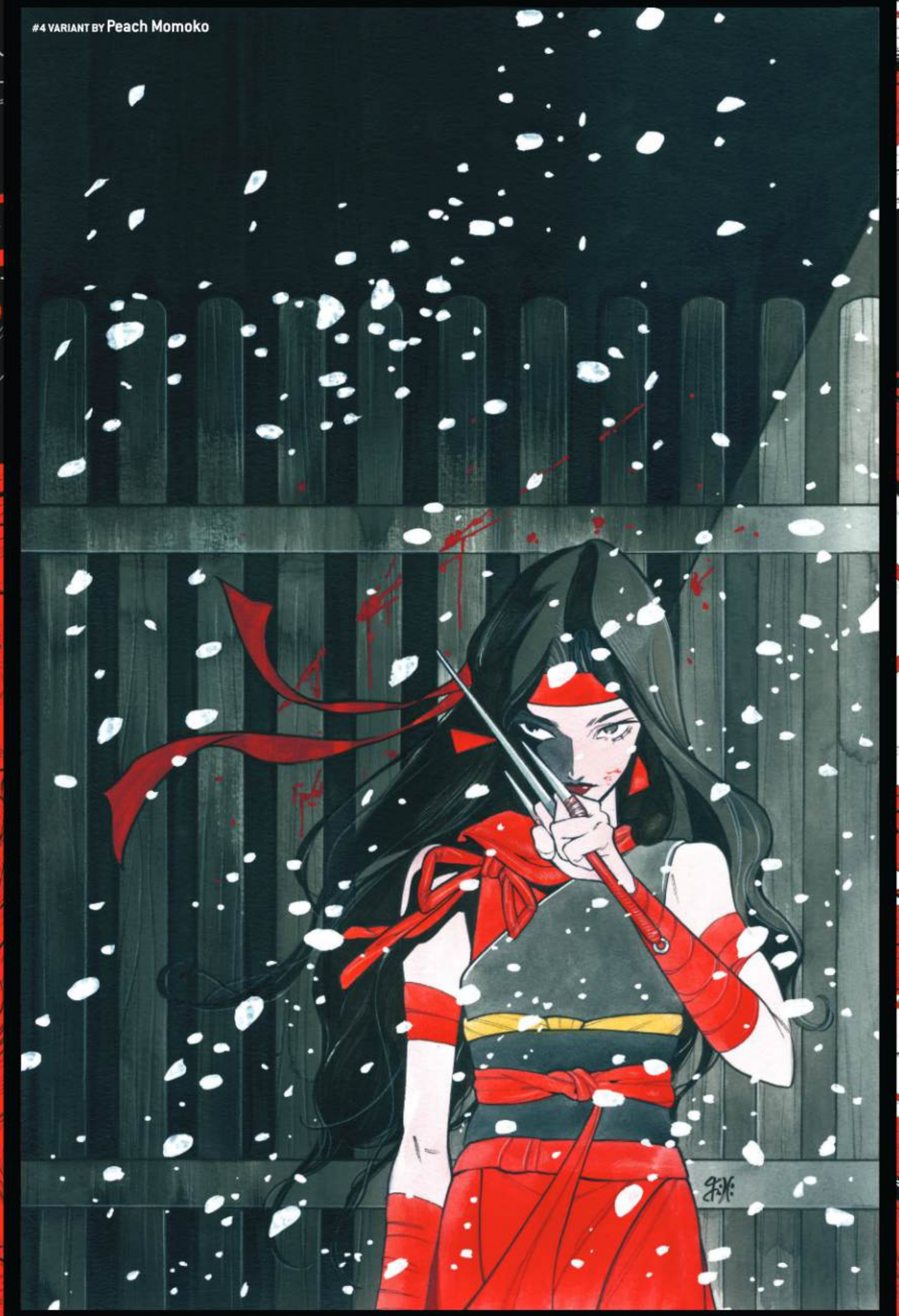
#2 VARIANT BY Greg Smallwood

#3 VARIANT BY Greg Smallwood

#3 VARIANT BY Mark Bagley, John Dell & Edgar Delgado

#4 VARIANT BY Kevin Eastman & Freddie E. Williams

#4 VARIANT BY Peach Momoko



ELEKTRA WALKS THE LINE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL — WITH STYLE!

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PARENTAL ADVISORY

MARVEL

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